

## Daily Eagle

## THE WEDD IN PERSIA.

AN ORIENTAL LAND, SAID TO BE THE SMOKE'S PARADISE.

The Persian's Social Position Shown by the Number and Value of His Pipes. The Eternal Water Pipe—The Etiquette of Smoking.

Persia is the smoker's paradise. In the first place, tobacco is cheap; fourteen pounds of it in the cured leaf cost from three to ten shillings. There is no middleman or manufacturer to mix, chop, scent, flavor and adulterate it. The grower cures it and packs it in bags of skin. In these bags the merchant sells it to the retailer; and then the smoker, pipe in hand, samples the various lots, and purchases from a penny worth to a headful, according to his good. There are various kinds of tobacco in Persia: the leaf tobacco, which is smoked in the kalain, for hubble-bubble; the Kurdish tobacco, which is almost white, and consists of the leaves and stalks of the plant coarsely pulverized. This is a very fragrant pipe tobacco, and may be smoked in a bowl or in a strong, and it is smoked in chibouques or in the Arab short clay pipe. The only recommendation of the Arab pipe are its cheapness and its portability. It is a simple tube of clay about six inches long, with a bore an inch in diameter; it is constructed in the middle, and bent at nearly a right angle. It is essentially the poor man's pipe. Cramped with a Kurdish tobacco, of which it will hold half an ounce, it is passed from hand to hand until it is smoked out.

In the north of Persia and in the capital the pipes, or cigarettes, are rapidly gaining ground; the commonest Samson tobacco is used as a rule, or a very similar article grown in Gilan and rather superior to it. But the real national pipe of Persia is the kalain. Among the merchant and tradesman class the kalain is ever between the lips. The pipe is made of wood, and is often made entirely of gold, or of silver, or of a combination of the two. The pipe is often of a very fine shape, and is often of a very fine shape, and is often of a very fine shape.

The Persian and his pipe. The social position of the Persian is shown by the number and the value of his pipes. The pipe is to a great man a highly paid domestic, who may have in his care from fifty to a hundred pipes, varying in value from \$5 to \$500. The pipe of the king and of the royal princes are often made entirely of gold, or of silver, or of a combination of the two. The pipe is often of a very fine shape, and is often of a very fine shape, and is often of a very fine shape.

Among the middle classes the water reservoir is often composed of glass, elaborately cut and often decorated with the finest cut and gilt ornamentation, which Turkish art has revealed familiar to us. These glass reservoirs, for which there is an enormous market throughout Persia and central Asia, are made in Russia. Rose water is frequently used in place of the vulgar fluid, rose leaves, tiny rosebuds, and the perfume of the rose, being a white-moored bottle of enormous capacity, the stem being composed of a curious turned wood stained a bright crimson, and the bowl made of a black porcelain resembling ebony in appearance. But in the privacy of their own harems the holy men do not disdain to smoke the pipe of the commoner. For everybody smokes in Persia—old men and maidens, young men and children—and the old women are the most inveterate smokers of all.

Probably the Persians are the most poetical as well as the most practical people in the world. All through the summer the stems of their pipes are decorated with circles of tiny moss buds; or, the interiors having been filled with grass seeds or grains of corn, the pipe is held to the smoke of the pipe, and the stems of sprouting verdure an inch and a half long. This decoration of pipes is part of the duty of the pipe bearer or of the ladies of the harem, and the pipe bearer's office is no sinecure. He has several stocks of tobacco of varying quality.

The etiquette and punctilio of pipe smoking are endless. When a visitor is offered a pipe, and he has not a second one, he declines it at once; his host must smoke first. This, if the entertainer be much superior in position, he will actually do, but otherwise he declines, and the guest, having first offered the pipe to the other visitor, and the latter having declined, of course, proclaims it, and then it is handed round to everybody in order of rank. No business in the east can be done without the smoking of many water pipes; it forms a large portion of the enjoyment of the Oriental bazaar, it fills up the pauses of conversation, and when a man is at a table, and an answer, it gives him time to think. The very sound of the bubbling water in a hot country is soothing to the ear. That it is not smoked in Europe is probably due to the fact that he who would smoke the Persian water pipe would need to keep a Persian servant to fill it for him.—Foreign Letter.

A Sketch of Von Moltke. The great strategist represents in its highest development the modern military mind. His intellect is scientific, cold, mechanical. He was remarkable in his youth for his great powers of sustained thought. Imagination, though not absent, is the least of his qualities. For all great scientific, even mechanical achievements, a certain amount of imagination is necessary. He is constituted to be the soul of a machine. His genius, which is constructive and not creative, is a faculty for mechanical combination, for scientifically manipulating military forces, for combining, dividing, concentrating, launching them in new combinations, rearing them, and hurling them again so as to thwart, paralyze and demolish systems of opposing forces, according to far-reaching, elaborate schemes.

Yet his method is not rigid or bizarre; his plans are not laid down according to a mere theory, as were those of the strategist of the Russian army in Turkey—in consequence of which defeat was heaped upon defeat. Moltke's plans are simple and general, essentially free scope for modification. Everything is taken into account, everything calculated for; all is contrived with perfect tact of circumstance, with regard to all contingencies, all situations, with a foresight that has appeared well nigh prophetic. Again and again during the last war he divined the enemy's plans and counteracted them.—Time.

The Health Map. The latest fad in England is the health map. It is simply a diagram of the muscles of the body, with directions how to exercise those which are particularly liable to life neglect. The various parts of the body are divided into groups. Group five relates to "cold feet." The exercise prescribed would be of great benefit. I should think that those men who invariably leave a card table when they have won a stake.—New York Star.

## A HUCKLEBERRY MARKET.

Canadian Berry Pickers and Eaters. Long Distances to Market.

The huckleberry market at Grand Bay gave me another glimpse of Saguenay life. At my camp on the beach I watched the tide settle up the sands till the great bay was filled to the brim, and the terraces of inhabited lands, a verdant amphitheatre under bald granite peaks, rested in the silence of midnight. Then I walked over to the wharf to see a quaint market scene by starlight on the shores of this savage river. As I drew near the medley of sounds divided itself into many signs of human life: the driving of horses, the calls of men and women, the talking of a multitude, filled the obscurity with visible yet eager spirits. The road was lined on each side with carts and buckboards piled with boxes, and half draped with protecting boughs and grass. Half a dozen buyers moved about among the crowd, and their lanterns showed a forest of round, bearded heads, of shaggy fetlocks and muddy wheels, and when the light was raised to examine an open box of berries the tanned, furrowed, eager faces of men came out of the night like heads by Rembrandt. The darkness was full of strong human feeling, questions, answers, offers, refusals, expostulations, sighs of discouragement.

A little booth at the end of the wharf was filled with a crowd watching some boisterous men playing cards for candies; with hats tipped back and chins outstretched in eager dispute, they had shuffled off their mortal responsibilities onto the jack of trumps. In the opposite booth four strong, shaggy, black eyed men and a wrinkled dame sat about a fire table and ate dry bread by the light of a candle. The talk in this dingy cellar was low and gloomy; a lad lying on his back on a bench announced in precise and bitter speech the condition of things: "The boxes must be large, well filled with clean fresh berries; the price, then, ladies and gentlemen, is fifteen cents!"

"No danger," said another, "of their tramping over the rocks! And we're fools to spend our time for them. Now I come from near Lake St. John, about fifty miles from here, with twenty boxes, and I've got \$2 net for picking three days with twelve hands, and for driving a hundred miles!"

Then they were silent for a while, till the old woman said, in a calm, resigned way: "Well, yes, that's all true enough, but what can we do? Blueberries are the only blessed thing that can be sold for cash. Where else could we get the \$15,000 a year that comes into the country? It's all very well to tell us to improve our farms instead of picking berries, but we'd starve to death on the farm alone."—C. H. Farnham in Harper's Magazine.

The Conscientious Newspaper Man. It is my experience that a conscientious newspaper man will do this work—interviewing included—about right if the man who has the news to tell is only let him. Reporters don't wilfully and maliciously misquote talkers and misstate facts, as they are so generally credited with doing, and I find that the best plan to pursue in giving material for publication is to state the facts clearly and let the reporter do the dressing up. These fellows who always insist on being reported verbatim, and who must dictate the text of every item they furnish, invariably make a sorry mess of it. Another thing I've noticed: If a man has a speech prepared for a banquet, presentation or any occasion of that character, he had better give the reporter the manuscript and go it blind than trust himself to stick to his prepared speech, for nine times in ten, he'll get away from his paper before he is half through, in which case he'll thank his stars forever that the reporter has a grammatical and reasonably coherent composition to print instead of his disjointed "impromptu" speech.—Dan Linnahan in Globe-Democrat.

The Darwin Theory in Commerce. This application of Darwin's great theory to commercial competition is more than a parable. It is the scientific explanation of causes which have wrecked civilization in the past and may wreck them in the future. The struggle must go on while men are impelled by the desire for a greater and better existence, and the struggle will make it happier. It often has been, and often is, carried on by the sword, but important victories may be won, and disastrous defeats sustained, by more peaceful means.

The discovery of the passage round the Cape transferred the trade of the east from the Mediterranean to London and Amsterdam, and most merchants in the city affirm that the cutting of the Suez canal has once more deprived England of the advantage of a situation. The commercial success of Switzerland, however, proves that national characteristics are at least as important as geographical position, and it is well from time to time to ask if we are doing all that in us lies to train those who shall follow us to maintain what our predecessors have won.—Nature.

Dead Letter Office Museum. Connected with the dead letter office is a sort of museum, where curious articles that come in the mails and cannot be returned to owners are placed on exhibition. In the cabinets which extend round the room are shown articles innumerable and varied, many of which have histories. There are pictures and toys and jewelry without number. Several Indian hatchets which were returned by one of the cabinets an archaeological appearance, and a pair of Indian pipes of red sandstone cross each other in truly peaceful style. One of the rare curiosities is a sheet of parchment, on which is pinned the Lord's prayer in fifty-four languages. It is said to be a duplicate of a parchment which hangs in St. Peter's at Rome.—Chicago Herald.

A Barber's Observations. The loquacious barbers how and then have intervals when they remark idly that escape the attention of many in the tear and rush of life. "You sleep on the right side of your body," one of them said the other day, as he clipped the semi-blond hair of a customer. "Why? Because don't you see that your hair is thicker on the right than on the left side? We can readily tell on which side a customer sleeps. The hair is confined to the side of the head resting on the pillow, and that heat makes the hair grow thicker about the temple." The barber didn't explain the accepted statement that the practice of sleeping on the right side of the head produces so much heat that men addicted to the practice are bald.—New York Sun.

Anna Dickinson. To one who remembers how great a figure Anna Dickinson cut a quarter of a century ago, there is something not merely mournful, but almost shocking, in the neglect with which the great public treat her. To the mass of the northern people she was for a time a sort of inspired prophetess; they crowded to listen to her harangues with enthusiasm, and took her most earnest and penetrating utterances for sublime truths; and the slightest gossip about her life, her dress, her peculiarities, were almost as largely read as the news from armies in the field. And now she is poor and almost forgotten.—Rochester Post Express.

## SCANDINAVIAN THRIFT.

THE MEN WHO ARE CONQUERING THE FAR NORTHWEST.

A Scandinavian Settlement in Northwestern Minnesota Sixteen Years Ago. How American Enterprise Has Since Yielded to Stolid Determination.

Sixteen years ago I rode slowly through a Scandinavian settlement in northwestern Minnesota. Today I have returned from a trip over almost the identical ground I then rode over. Then these people were poor and dirty. They lived in holes called dugouts. They owned but little property. They were strangers in the land and they were timid. The Chippewa Indians, then recently removed from Red Wing to White Earth, amused themselves by chasing, stick in hand, the Scandinavians around their farms and threatening to kill them. It was rare good sport for the rather cowardly Chippewa to find white men who were not expert with rifle and revolver, and who were afraid of fish-eating Indians. The Americans who lived in the country previous to 1870 were rough, courageous men, who corrected an Indian but once; then he was buried by sorrowing relatives. So the Chippewa enjoyed the new breed of white men, who could not fight and would not swear, until they tired of the pleasures of the chase.

The dugouts in which the Scandinavians lived were generally excavated in the side of a hill which overlooked a small lake, and near at hand stood timber for fuel and shod building. Their plowed fields were very small. They impressed me as men who had been cowed and mentally injured by a life of hard, unremunerative toil and scanty diet. They were dirty and vermin infested. They drank sour milk and ate heavy bread. They were not meat eaters. Poverty stalked among them. He who owned a yoke of cattle, a plow, a wagon, a cow, and a few chickens was a man of wealth.

Scattered among these Scandinavians and living on adjoining claims were vigorous, courageous young Americans, who had been raised on Ohio, Indiana and Illinois farms, and who had been educated in our common schools. They sprang from prime stock. They were accustomed to our laws and ways of living and methods of thought. They were handy men with tools. They were resourceful. They worked hard and lived as well as they could. They, too, lived in dugouts, but, as a rule, they had a better start in life than their Scandinavian neighbors. It was patent to me in those days that the American youth were sure to succeed, and that the native Scandinavian would fail to make a living. That was a self-evident proposition and easily comprehended by the dullest intellect.

How it turned out. Today the larger portion of the Americans who attempted agriculture in 1871-3 on the northwestern plains are scattered from Lake Superior to Puget sound, from the Saskatchewan to the Rio Grande. They work in every mining camp lying in the Rocky and Salmon river mountains. They live in better homes than small place miners. They pack heavy burdens on their backs as they prospect in the Vermilion Iron range. More than half of the Americans who then so hopefully undertook to create homes in Dakota and northwestern Minnesota mortgaged their farms and lost them. They live in better homes than small place miners. They pack heavy burdens on their backs as they prospect in the Vermilion Iron range. More than half of the Americans who then so hopefully undertook to create homes in Dakota and northwestern Minnesota mortgaged their farms and lost them.

The Scandinavians! They are, as a rule, highly prosperous. The dugouts were long since abandoned as places of residence, and in their stead are large, well built frame houses, which stand among shade trees and well kept gardens. Such houses as I looked into were well furnished. Sewing machines stood in almost every house. And the land which was wind swept and desolate sixteen years ago is today divided into fields by good, cattle proof fences, and heavy crops of wheat, oats and barley grow on the inclosed land. Cattle graze in fields or on the adjacent prairies, which is owned by land speculators, and frequently these small herds are tended by a light haired boy, who rides an Arabian pacer. In short, the whole picture of the work cattle were sold long ago, and in their stead are two or three teams of powerful horses. And meat is in the pot three times a day in the kitchens of these houses. These people have good credit at the trading points. They are clean, and they are thrifty. They are the people who have pushed into the Northwest have, as a rule, made a success of life as lived under the hard conditions enforced by the climate, the land grant railroad corporations and the high price of the goods they consumed. They achieved this success by tireless industry, supplemented by rigid economy.

Today it is false. It has been said sneeringly and with lips curved with contempt, and so frequently as to be generally believed by Americans who live in the west, that "the Scandinavians sell the agricultural produce that they raise which is marketable, and they feed the rest of the remainder to their pigs, and what the pigs refuse to eat they eat themselves." Fifteen, sixteen years ago, when these people were getting a start, that statement was but a slight exaggeration. Today it is false in every particular. They live as well as their American neighbors, and they pay for the groceries which they eat, and that is a financial transaction which the average American farmer who tills land on the frontier shrinks from until he is screwed up to the paying point by the long headed merchant flouting chaff mortgages which bear his name in his face and talking savagely the while of proceedings against him the next time court meets.

The land owned by Scandinavians is, as a rule, unencumbered, or so lightly mortgaged that the payment of interest is not an oppressive burden. Some of the farms are mortgaged for from \$300 to \$500. The mortgages were laid to raise money to buy stock and could generally be paid at any time. I know of no Scandinavian who has mortgaged his acres to the utmost extent, as Americans very generally do, and I know no farmer of that people who speculates in the wheat pits of Chicago, as thousands of American farmers do.

The young Scandinavians of American birth, or those who came here when they were young, have lost the peculiar look characteristic of their parents. And, what is more important, they have lost the methods of thought employed by their people when first they arrived on our shores. With good and abundant food has come courage and intelligence, and cleanliness, and in many cases beauty. They are Americans in thought and feeling and action. No people who have come to our land have been more quickly assimilated than these.—Frank Wilkinson in New York Times.

Kaiser Wilhelm at the Window. The other day I chanced to be "Unter der Linden" as the guard made its daily march passing the palace of the emperor. The music and soldiers had approached, and were passing just as the curtains parted, and there stood the aged Kaiser, bowing pleasantly to the enthusiastic crowd, who were waving hats and handkerchiefs and hurrahing lustily. "Oh, what a sweet looking old gentleman!" exclaimed a female voice in my neighborhood, and, turning, I saw a very pretty American girl, all eyes and excitement. The once staid, powerful form of Wilhelm I is bent with age, and his steps are becoming infirm, yet the wonderful old man who can enjoy the pleasure of saluting an enthusiastic people, with the little 3 year old grandchild of his noble and beloved wife, who drew forth many admiring remarks at his splendid preservation in his advanced age.—Berlin Corrier-Journal.

## Dying on Board Ocean Steamers.

Every steamer which enters or leaves New York should be provided with the necessary life boxes and other accommodations for keeping the remains of passengers who die en route, and the latter should be conveyed to port and delivered to those who have the right to dispose of them. Even if the passenger dies on the first day out, his remains should be kept. The running time of the majority of steamers plying between New York and England or France, is seven or eight days. Some of the German lines require from twelve to fifteen days, but their obligations to land their passengers, dead or alive, are just as great as those of the companies which make quicker time. I could cite a number of harrowing cases, which show the inhumanity of the custom of burial at sea, but every reader can form a notion of how he would feel if informed that his mother, brother or sister, whom he awaited on the pier, had died on the vessel and had been wrapped in a winding sheet and dropped into the engulfing waters. Coupled with the horror of such news is the fact that our countrymen—those whom we most love and cherish—are filling nameless graves. And it is beyond reconciliation to think of them anchored to the bottom of the deep, the bait of marine scavengers.—Leon Mead in The Epoch.

## Consequences of Intermarriage.

"Do consanguineous marriages necessarily lead to diseases in the offspring?" is a question which has been argued pro and con for a great many years. Alfred Henry Huth has furnished a very carefully considered answer in the negative in his work entitled "The Marriage of Near Kin" (London: Longmans, 1887). Mr. Huth examines, in the light of all the known facts, first: Whether consanguineous marriages are themselves, by the mere fact of consanguinity and irrespective of any inheritance, injurious to the offspring; whether in a marriage between two relatives who are both perfectly healthy, and whose families are perfectly healthy, the children born will probably be unhealthy. And, second: Whether consanguineous marriages give a greater proportion of unhealthy children than non-consanguineous marriages; or, in other words, whether it is a fact that consanguineous marriages, through intensification of a previously dormant hereditary family taint, give a greater proportion of unhealthy children. His conclusion, substantially, is that providing both parents are healthy, no harm need be expected to result to the children of such marriages; while if both parents exhibit a proclivity to any particular form of disease, for example, scrofula, the tendency is likely to be exaggerated in the children. This accords with the practical, everyday experience of the stock raiser and horse breeder.—Chicago Herald.

## The Destruction of Invention.

Society professes its highest honors and rewards to its inventors and discoverers; but, as a matter of fact, what each inventor or discoverer is unconsciously trying to do is to destroy property, and his measure of success and reward is always proportioned to the degree to which he effects such destruction. If to-morrow it should be announced that some one had so improved the machinery of cotton manufacture that 10 per cent. more of fiber could be spun from a given time, with no greater or a less expenditure of labor and capital than heretofore, all the existing machinery in all the cotton mills of the world, representing an investment of millions upon millions of dollars, would be worth little or nothing, and the man who should endeavor to resist that change would, in face of the fierce competition of the world, soon find himself bankrupt and without capital. In short, all material progress is effected by a direct and equal work of destruction; and nothing marks the rate of such progress more clearly than the rapidity with which such displacements occur. There is, however, this difference between the two factors involved. Labor displaced, as a condition of progress, will be eventually absorbed in other occupations; but capital displaced, in the sense of substituting the new for what is old, is practically destroyed.—Hon. David A. Wells in Popular Science Monthly.

## Sunday in the French Capital.

All Paris works on Sunday; the shops are open and much of the city work goes on as usual. The city has 550 wagons and 1,600 horses collecting the garbage. So that by 8 o'clock in the morning the whole city is clean. The wagons have immense revolving brushes fastened to them, and men and even women, wash the streets with quantities of clear water. You can cross a street the year round without soiling your shoes.

I think you have to be out in the streets of Paris at all hours to really know it. I often saw the men in the evening classes wear such picturesque caps. I run after every woman I see and fix her cap with my eye, and then hasten home and try to make one like it—but they are always so stiffly starched I cannot succeed in giving life just the right air. I wish I could buy every cap I see. Elizabeth Nourse in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

## Actresses Off the Stage.

Off the stage actresses may be roughly divided into two classes, one composed of those who try to carry its glamor into their private lives, and who allow any one unless it is their maid to touch them, and they are "made up," and to further help assist nature receive their visitors in a darkened drawing room or in a boudoir with drawn blinds and rose colored shades. They flatter themselves that in this way they preserve their reputation for beauty, bravely ignoring the fact that what pleases the eye in the perspective shocks it in proximity. The other class delight in showing their utter disregard for personal appearance, and revel in freedom from wigs and whitewash.—New York Press.

## How a Locomotive Wrecks Itself.

Of all the accidents most feared by railroad engineers, and one of frequent occurrence, is that of the breaking of a driving rod while the engine is running at a high rate of speed. How it can occur, as it often does, and those in the case escape with their lives is always considered a miracle. The minute the heavy bar, or rod, as it is commonly called, breaks, or the crank pin which fastens the end to the driving wheel gives way, the massive piece of iron goes whirling through the air, striking the engine and the ground, battering and smashing everything that comes in contact with it. Old engineers can relate some very interesting experiences of this kind.—Albany Express.

Ben Perley Poore left a great amount of valuable papers. He had tens of thousands of autographs, and he began to keep autographs with one which Andrew Jackson gave him. He never allowed anything interesting to go to waste, and his collection is a very valuable one. His wife, who is a very accomplished woman, is spending the winter in Washington, and she lives at the Elbert house, in the same old room which she and Maj. Poore occupied last year. She helped Ben Perley Poore very much with his work, and she was very largely responsible for the success of his "Washington Letter."—The general—Carpenter's Washington Letter.

## PHILADELPHIA STORE,

S. W. Cor. Douglas Ave. and Market St.

## SPRING -:- ANNOUNCEMENT!

Our new stock of DRESS GOODS for early spring wear will be open on

## MONDAY - MORNING! MONDAY - MORNING!

It comprises all the new novelties of the season in all the latest and most desirable shades. An early inspection is solicited.

## A. KATZ, Proprietor.

## THE FOR SALE.

Missouri Pacific Ry. Co., "FT. SCOTT ROUTE"

Is the popular line to Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and all points east and north; also to Hot Springs, Ark., New Orleans, Florida and all south and southeastern points.

THROUGH FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS

On all trains to Kansas City and St. Louis. Through Pullman Sleeping Cars to Kansas City on all night trains. Two to High Pullman sleeping cars daily to St. Louis on the morning train.

48 MILES

The Shortest Route to St. Louis

For Colorado, California, Oregon and all Pacific Coast points this is the favorite route.

## Excursion : Tickets

To San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco and all California points, via the Great Southern Route, good for six months with stop over privileges and

## CHOICE OF ROUTES RETURNING.

For time tables and information write or call at City Ticket office, 127 Main St., Wichita, Kan.

N. C. KEERAN, Pass. &amp; Ticket Agent

## PILES, FISTULA

And all diseases of the rectum cured by DR. WM. HALL. Without knife, ligature or pain. Guaranteed. No money to be paid until patient is cured. Chronic, private and sexual troubles quickly cured. Diseases of the rectum, hemorrhoids, piles, fistula, etc., cured. Consultation free. Office over Woodman's Bank, 10 N. Main St., Wichita, Kansas.

J. P. ALLEN,

## =DRUGGIST=

Everything Kept in a First-Class

Drugstore.

Wichita, Kan.

## Mosler Safe &amp; Lock Co's.

Fire and Burglar Proof

## SAFES.

Western branch office 115 North Market St. J. F. Gillen, Manager.

## EYE, EAR AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

MEDICAL &amp; SURGICAL STAFF: E. Y. MURPHY, M. D., Proprietor and Surgeon, 18 N. Main St., Wichita, Kan. Office southwest corner of Douglas and Market streets, upstairs, Wichita, Kan.

## Occidental Hotel.

A. N. Deming has leased and taken possession of the Occidental, March 1. Will put it in good shape and will be glad to see his old friends and all others disposed to give him a call. 605-47

## U. S. C. &amp; P. ASS'N.

COLLECTING OF

## Bad Debts

And Security against "DEAD BEATS" a specialty. We collect all classes of accounts. Terms furnished on application. F. T. CRELLER, 106 N. Main St., Wichita, Kan.

E. E. HAMILTON M. D.

Specialties: Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Catarrh and Stiff Joints. Office southwest corner of Douglas and Market streets, upstairs, Wichita, Kan.

C. E. LEE, E. M. WIEL.

## LEE &amp; VIELE,

Contracting Painters

Plate, Window, Ornamental &amp; Stained Glass, and painter supplies. Corner First and Water Sts. WICHITA, KAN.

Improved and Unimproved City Property on the best improved streets in the city. Lots on the inside on street car lines and in outside additions. Suburban lots on the east side in Maple Grove addition.

Business lots and business blocks for sale at special bargains. Several fine tracts near the city for sub-dividing and plating.

Improved farms and grass lands in all parts of the county; also ranches in this and adjoining counties.

All parties wishing to buy would do well to call and examine my list before buying elsewhere.

W. A. THOMAS,

The Oldest Real Estate Agency in Wichita.

## SMITHSON &amp; CO.,

Successors to the Anglo-American Loan &amp; Investment Co.

No. 117 East Douglas Ave.

Land, Loan and Insurance Agents. Money always on hand. Interest at low rates. NO DELAY. Before making a loan on Farm, City, Chattel or Personal security call and see us. Come in or send full description of your farm or city property. We handle large amounts of both eastern and foreign capital for investment in real estate, and are thus enabled to make rapid sales. Correspondence Solicited. H. L. SMITHSON, Manager.

S. LOMBARD, JR., President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

L. D. SKINNER, Cashier. W. H. LIVINGSTON, Asst. Cashier.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.

J. P. ALLEN, President. J.